

The Good Things. by H0ETRY

Series: [The Good Things. \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Fluff and Angst, I do not know what to tag, M/M, Original Character(s), Step-Siblings Will Byers & Eleven | Jane Hopper, Will Byers-centric, lowercase because... i say so, this is really just about will, wow maybe i should have added the other characters

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Original Female Character(s), Will Byers/Original Male Character(s)

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Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

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Summary:

Will is struggling to find good things about moving. However there is this nice tree by his house.

The Good Things.

Author's Note:

this is literally just will and my original characters): not even the byers or eleven is mentioned here so im sorry! they'll be here later though don't worry! now enjoy the will byers centric story :)

also sorry to burst your bubble but the main male OC is not here but he'll be here soon.. don't worry.. he'll be here soon..

the only good thing about moving (and will would like to argue and say *nothing* because sometimes it really felt like it.) was the nice park near the neighborhood will lived in. the playground was actually pretty small, three small slides, two swings, one monkey bar, one seesaw, all of that which was barely even safe to play on. the monkey bars were rusted and paint was chipping off. the swings, when swinging, always looked like it was ready to just fall apart. the slides were just death traps awaiting, kids when a little to fast down them.

despite the very dangerous playground, the field was still big. there was a pavement for people to walk on, and will mostly just saw old people or mothers pushing their kid in a stroller around.

sometimes he'd see kids playing in the grass, from games like tag to an actual sports game (usually soccer, very poorly because it was little kids pushing around a ball that was a little too big for them and slowly deflating.)

there was also this tree. it was tall and big. to get to the tree, you had to walk up a hill. the hill wasn't too steep, but sometimes it would leave you a little breathless. it had these pretty pink-white flowers

that grew from the branches. during the day, the pink would look so bright and pretty. at night the white looked soft and calming.

will would go up there sometimes. to just sit, to lay, sometimes he'd draw. he'd draw the playground, the miller family that liked the play soccer every friday, the two old women (who he still didn't not know their names) that walked around to feel like they were doing *something* in their boring, old life.

sometimes he'd sleep. just for a little.

will always brought a backpack with him. filled with his sketchbook and many pencils, books to read if he felt like reading that day, homework if he didn't get the chance to finish it in class or at lunch. he'd always bring a blanket. a soft and thin blanket. it would get windy on the hill someday. other days will didn't really like how the grass picked at his skin.

will would just lay there. looking up at the tree, watching the branches wave when the wind came by. he'd listen to the families on the playground. something about the wind, the branches, the laughter from the playground, the faint sound of mrs. kinder dog barking, was calming. so calming that he'd drift off, and when he'd open his eyes again an hour had passed.

its been almost a month since the move, almost a month since he started school again. will didn't expect much really, he was the new kid yes but its not like they'd pay attention to him. technically him and the many other freshmen joining that year were the new kids. the only difference between will and the other freshmen was that he didn't know anyone.

will blended in pretty well. as much as he could. the first week was weird and awkward. some of his teachers were a little too cheery for this year, or week, other teachers already seemed stressed and all over the place. will didn't blame them, the school was pretty big.

everything was so different from hawkins. the city, the air, the grass and trees, the houses and stores, but it was really the high school that threw will off.

unlike hawkins high, which was a one story building that had a simple layout, jefferson clay high school was tall and.. big. it was overwhelming, the two story building that barely held the thousands of kids that attended the school. the parking lot (teachers *and* students) was pretty big, bigger than the one at hawkins (which was a mix of teacher and student cars, this time students had one side and teachers had the other.)

on the left of the school, there was a huge football field behind the student parking lot, along with two baseball fields. on the right of the school was a good sized area of trees and grass. sometimes when will would arrive at school, he'd see kids hanging out on that side.

the gym was a good size too, as it also had a weightlifting room and two locker rooms.

the theatre however, was small. it was still a good size, but will thought it could have been bigger. there was only 137 seats, and will heard (from the theatre girl in his math class) that backstage was tight and small.

the lunchroom was big (and loud.) truthfully, will was surprised to see that it was still big enough to sit that many students. then again, will didn't stay too long in the lunchroom to get a good look. he just grabbed his lunch and walked off to the halls.

will didn't really have friends, to his knowledge.

the theatre girl in math, alice, spoke to him sometimes, and she was nice to him. she'd always greet him with a kind smile and a bright *hi will!* alice had long, thick black hair, that was always messy and it didn't really seem like she cared too much about it.

then rue in science. rue was quiet, like will, and because of that when they were in their third week of school, being told they needed to partner up with someone, rue picked will. rue was nice, and quiet. she spoke softly, and never too hard or loud. will felt bad that he had to ask her to repeat something she said because he couldn't hear her. it never seemed to bother her, as she'd smile and repeat her words again.

there was aaron in history. aaron sat in front of will, and for the first week they never spoke. aaron was funny, made quiet comments about their history teacher, who was an old man and clearly *racist* even though he "tried." to not be. aaron also did everything he could

to get on mr. ringers nerves.

around the second week, aaron turned around in his seat, eyes glued on will. will ignored it at first, continued to work on their assignment, and prayed that aaron wasn't actually looking at him but the girl behind him. will thinks her name could have been gracie, but he wasn't so sure.

aaron cleared his throat. will glanced up, then back down at his paper. aaron cleared his throat again, leaning forwards a little. will sighed a little, sitting up straight and taking the little courage he had to look back at aaron.

for a moment, no one spoke.

“dude, you really need a different haircut.”

will blinked. “what?”

aaron sighed, shaking his head. “come on, the bowl cut is getting outdated, and you my dear *friend* are stuck in a time that needs to be forgotten.” aaron grinned.

will knew his bowl cut was ugly and stupid, he wanted a different style for so long but his mother always cut his hair, which happened to be a bowl cut.

“how about i cut it for ya? i'm an amazing hairstylist!” before will can get the chance to reply, which would have been messy, so thank *god* someone else spoke, the boy sat next to aaron pushed aarons shoulder.

“no the fuck you arent, leave will alone.” if will remembers correctly (and he should because *wow* someone in this school actually knows his name?) the boy currently speaking was saint. saint was a tan, mexican boy. messy curly hair.

“who cuts your hair will? does your mom cut your hair? she does, doesn't she?”

“uh yeah..” will mutters. aaron shakes his head.

“see, saints mom does his hair too and look at him! his hair is all fucked and messy. i cut his hair once and i did *amazing!* ”

“i had to shave all my hair off jackass.”

“and you looked so good bald.” aaron says, looking back at will. “so will you? let me cut your hair?” will looks at aaron then at saint who shakes his head.

“i don't know..” will says awkwardly. “but i'll give my mom a heads up next trim.”

aaron smiles, “good then will, get me if you ever change your mind! i’ll get you a good cut *all* the girls here will start chasing after you.”

it felt wrong and out of place. aaron speaking to him, saint knowing his name. will didn’t think they were popular kids, but they weren’t losers, or unknown. they didn’t look like the popular kids either. aaron had a more rocker style, always wearing some band tee, of bands no one listened to other than him (but will knew a few and was glad to see he wasn’t alone with his likes of bands.)

saint had a more simple style compared to aaron. saint wore a lot of clean, button down shirts, jeans that sometimes looked a little too big on him, wide at the ankle, white socks—always white, will had yet to see a different color. even aaron would say something about it! finished with black worn out converse.

the two boys had style, unlike will who just wore what was clean, and most of his clothes were hand me downs from his brother. so the two, because they had style and looked pretty good in it, had more worth and socialization points than will, who probably had a score of about negative seven if you really wanted to add it up.

yet here they were, talking to him like it was normal, like they knew each other and were friends. it felt nice, it felt *good*.

it had been one month since moving, and will began to think that not everything was so bad here.

Author's Note:

im terrible at descriptions so im so sorry this is so bad. but FYI!! aaron is kinda?? your basic white boy

who likes rock music. nothing too special about him i guess!! he'll be a fun character though!

saint is mexican and proud! i imagine him with a slight accent but it's not really noticeable, only on certain words! also i did awful with describing his style but): i was trying to based it off chicano/cholo style? if your mexican then you'll know but if you are not then i suggest looking it up!

i feel like i should have done better as i am half mexican and did grow up around that style for awhile but it's also been so long so... maybe i got the style wrong): i'm sorry if i did.

rue and alice are sweet girls, love them to death. especially rue! you'll like them too!